

442 ODES,  
PARTHENOPHIL [t

When I pass pensive to the  
Shore, The water birds about  
me fly, As if they mourned !  
when rivers roar? Chiding thy  
wrathful cruelty; Halcion  
watcheth warily To chide  
thee, when thou comest by!

If to the City, I repair Mine  
eyes thy cruelty betray! And  
those which view me, find my care  
*i* Swoll'n eyes and sorrows it  
betray! Whose figures in my  
forehead are, These curse the  
cause of mine ill fare !

When I go forth to feed my  
Flocks As I, so they hang down  
their heads ! If I complain to  
ruthless Rocks, (For that it  
seems, hard rocks her bred)  
Rocks' ruth, in rivers may be  
read! Which from those rocks  
down trickled.

When shepherds would know how I  
fare, And ask, " How doth  
PARTHENOPHIL ? " " 111," ECHO  
answers, in void air; And with these  
news, each place doth fill! Poor  
herdgrooms, from each cottage, will  
Sing my complaints, on every hill!

DDEs.



PEAK, ECHO ! tell

With lilies, columbines, and roses,  
What their PARTHENOPHE composes ?  
ECHO\* Posies!

O sacred smell!  
For those, which in her lap she  
closes, The gods like well!